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W. H. Briningtool, Editor and Proprietor.

OUR FLCRIDA LETTER.

ST. ANDREWS, FLA., June 25, 1877.

Editor Union :

"Oh, magnet South! Oh, glistening, perfamed South! Again in Florida, I float on transparent lakes-I cross the hammock lands, or through pleasant openings, or through dense forests. I see the parrots in the words-I see the paw-paw tree and the blooming tile," and this is all the woods of Florida. Some of us, unfortunately, see and feel things here that are not, perhaps, as attractive as parrots and paw paw trees. It must be wise to be a poet, and soar so easily above the unpleasant things of life. Reading this partical rhapsody on the "perfumed South" brought to mind an encounter when I first came to this "magnet." Arriving in the morning at Pensacola, I was obliged to wait a conveyance to this place. A party of us strolled up to the hotel for dinner. On entering the reception room I noticed that the only occupant was an old lady, of some two hundred pounds avoirdupois, fantastically dressed. After a glance I became engaged in a lively chat with our party, and thought no more of the stranger until suddenly accested by her:

"Be you a going to settle in Florida ?

"If I tike it." I answered. "Well, you wont like it. For I do say it's the meanest hole I get money enough to get back with, and we're going just as fast d forming but a shalder

to what I was when I come here. And I've scratchel every bit of the original hile off my Body. I wasn't sure the fleas would leave enough of me to carry North. Me and my old man want to die a natral death; we don't want to be Eat up alive. And such a lonesome place -a body might just a well be buried alive. And then they tell me so much about the flowers here; but they ain't of no account; there ain't no mite of fragrance in any of "em."

Our party was in an uproar. This was a damper, "sure and 'certain,' and shows at once the lifference between a poetic and a common ensa view of life; With the poet it was paw-paw; with the fantastic old lady it was scratch-scratch. The old lady was in the main correct, as my subsequent experience has proven. I have no doubt that she lost some solid substance during ber stay, though there was no particular evidence of her having become shadewy. I have frequently thought of her since the advert of fleas this summer, and I am sure that though she may be hungry and suffering, she will have the consolation of dying a natural death. I would call the attention of uncle Sammy Snapp and other stout people to the fact that we gently but sorely evaporate in Florida. There is no doubt the fleas had something to do with the old lady's decline, but other causes are at work here far more powerful. A friend was accosted the other day by another whom he had not met for a year, with "where is the rest of you?" The "rest" consisted of forty pounds, "gone like a bubble that bursts in

sun" in one short year. The emotional side of one's nature gets finely developed in flea time. I am not sure but this is a wise provision of nature, to keep us active in this climate. I stopped for a week, not long since, with some friends in a neighboring town, and to illustrate how one's manners get polished. I will relate or picture a scene that occurred during that time. Imagine an evening party of finely dressed northern people in anima-ted conversation. Suddenly one of the party vanished. No excuse, no apology, no sailing gracefully off as at another time. There is

Our Country Lirst and Loremost. Be Just and Lear not.

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just a momentary commotion and the company becomes painfully aware that it is minus one. Airs

and graces are omitted for a time, and existence becomes a naked fact. Just here I draw the ourtain as she flees (fleas.) I have had but little experience in this lower county. For all I know to the contrary, every man, woman and child in the whole

land may be dodging around in pursuit of these little pests. But as I have never seen a native display any activity in this way, I conclude there is something pecu liarly juicy and appetizing in us northerners, and that we are receiving an undue attention from

these lively little fellows. I cannot as yet say much about the greater interests of this commonwealth: Education is yet in its infancy, while music was still born in Florida. If the spirits of the departed ever hover over us, you may be sure no Beethoven, Handel or Mozart, if by chance they find themselves in hearing of Florida sounds, will ever remain long I wish I could describe to you the vocal gymnastics of this benighted people. Did you ever hear a backwoods or camp meeting choir attempt the praise of Almighty God in such strains as torture the ears of ordinary mortals, and must be agonizing to a well regulated God? Then it you have I will give you a faint idea of church music here when I tell you it is heavenly melody compared to the sounds produced by man come down here about a year for one strain of real music. I fastidious; could be coutent with less than Wagners or Thomas' stand to hear a hand organ grind

> from this that service is not a \$5,000 choir. Oh! the degeneracy of the 19th century! How sacred things are turned to carnal uses! Imagine tail, and brush his tait clean over the "light fant stic toe" at a picnic here last week, tipping about to Moody and Sankey's hymns, "Hold the Fort' and "Pull to the Shore" played in double quick time. Is it past belief, Mr. Editor, so rapid are the advances of

"Shoo Fly." You will conclude

dance "Nearer, my God, to Thee." "CALAMITY."

science that you and I will yet

SLANG IN THE DOMESTIC CIRCLE 'Say, pa,' said an up town boy one day as he came home late from being kept in at school, threw down his book, pinched the cat till be made her howl and then sided into his seat at the dinner-table

snipe?' ·A what my son? said the paternal relative laying dewn his knife and fork with surprise.

'wasn't Benedict Arnold a reg'lar

'Why, a crooked hairpin, you know; a shark, a sort of fraud generally!

'He was a traiter to his country my son; but where on earth did you learn such language as that?" 'Oh! pull down your vest now father and don't get on your ear about it. I'll take some o' that

roast beef, please.' 'Why, Willie,' interposed his mother, 'I am surprised at your-'Oh, I'm solid, I am,' broke in the youngster. 'Nothing mean about me. Pony up that beef now old man, or there'll be a tin roof

or two around this house.' THE following rules should be strictly observed bypersons having occassion to visit a printing office: Enter softly.

Sit down quietly. Subscribe for the paper. Pay for it in advance. Don't touch the type Keep six feet from the devil. Hands off manuscript. Don't talk to the compositors Don't carry off the exchanges.

Never beg a paper. Gentleman observing these rules when entering a printing office will greatly oblige the editor and need have no fear of the devil.

WANTED TO SELL A BALD-HEAD- | "LOVE IS RICHER FAR TEAN ED MAN A HAIR BRUSH.

A long-waisted lady, having a seductive smile and winning ways, called upon a Detroit shoemaker yesterday to convince him that he needed a metal hair brush - a novelty just out and in the hands of canvassers. After she had put on about five minutes' talk, he uncovered his bald head and asked:

'Where is there anything to brush with it?' 'Then your wife could use it, she said.

'My wife is dead, poor soul.' 'Then your daughters.'

'I have no daughters, and the only son I have went crazy from brushing his hair too much.' 'I believe this brush would help

a new growth of hair on your scalp, she said, unwilling to let him off. 'Don't want any hair there,' he

replied. 'I was never so happy as since I became bald-headed.' Well, don't you ever brush

your scalp? Thave it sand-papered four times per year, and the rest of the time it must get along the best it can.

'I am in great need of money,' she remarked as she looked So am I, he replied, as he

pegged away, 'I haven't seen but three dollars in the last two weeks.

'It would almost be an act of charity to buy of me, she plead-

'I never gave to charity, madam. I have not given a shilling ago, and now we've managed to think now I would not be over to any one or to any object for the last thirty years.?

'Your second wife might want 'I shall never marry again. I out that most absurd of all times,

hate all women. Then you don't think you could use it?' she asked, as she

rose up.

'Yes. I could take it and brush my dog's ears clean back to his his nose, or I could make it over fato a snow shovel, or sell it to some saw-mill, or repair my wheel barrow with it, but I said 'no,' and I shall stick to it. I'm bald headed, ugly-tempered, sinfu' malic ous and desperate, but pride myself on keeping my word; and, madam, if metal hair breshes and tald-headed men and female agerts were as thick as the buttons on a girl's dress, my thunderous voice would still cry : 'N o-u-g-h-no !'-Detroit Free

A BLUE-GLASS EXPERIMENT. Mr. Blimley read about blue glass until he became a convert small-boy seated upon the steps to the doctrine. Having a boy baby about three months old who has been somewhat puny and has given evidence of weak lungs, he had an east window of his house paned with blue glass and exposed boy, for he raised hand gracefully him to the sun's rays for an hour or two for several days. Last thumb upon the tip of his exceed-Sunday being a sunny day, the baty was left under the blue window for three hours, at the conclusion of which time he got up and went down stairs, declaring that he had bad enough of that "doggoned foolishness." On Monday he was exposed for four hours. At 12 o'clo.k on Monday night he threw his off-foot into Mr. Blimley's stomach, and knocked the lower portion of Mrs. Blimley's chin off with his right fist. As Mr. Blimley lay under the washstand trying to decide wheth er he had been struck by lightning or was in an Ashtabula disaster, young Blimley set up such a yell that neighbor next door went down in his cellar and hid under an empty flour barrel, under the impression that a general insurrection had broken out. As soon as Mr. Blimley recovered sufficiently he procured a hammer and smasked every pane of blue glass he could find. They now keep young Blimely gagged und chained to an anvil.

Dom PEDRO has been having a good time in Scotland.

GOLD."

BY LOUISE S. UBHAM.

In the soft and crimson twilight,

Ere the lamps of eve were lit, Sat a maid, who watched the sparro Out and in the tree tops flit; Watched them, as they sail'd together Mindful only of "to-day;"
Till she shyly, softly whispered,
"I can trust as well as they;
Love is richer far than gold.

Hearts are never bought or sold!" "I may never in a mansion With my liveried servents dwell Never in resplendent jewels, Strive my fostered pride to quell But when sweet and tender twilight

Floods the earth, the air, the sea, Love may bring my home such blees-That the world shall envy me; [ings Love is richer far than gold; Hearts are never bought or sold.

"Life can bring to me no burdens That for love I could not bear; And by me no wealth or station Would be prized love did not share Not the riches of a kingdom Do I covet. Mine to own

One true heart, whose every impulse Is for me, and me alone: Love is richer far than gold; Hearts are never bought or sold.

Out and in the sparrows flitted,
And the mailen—to her side, All unchided, came the lover Whohad won her for his bride! Loye had lured the heart of nanhood Love had won the maiden fair; And together, then, they whispered;

doy or care, henceforth, we share; Love is richer far than golo; Hearts are never bought or sold!"

MR. PARKER TELLS A STORY. Mr. Parker sat in Mr. Johnson's place last evening, a shade of

remember the race I had after the bag sha tried to push me off the Bleecker street car?"

"O yes, I remember," said Mr. Johnson.

'Speaking of boys,' resumed Mr. Parker, "did I ever tell you about the boy and the policeman? No.

"Sad, sad story, but if policeman wil. let their temper rise, and if boys will annoy them-well, well, I suppose such are intended

"I suppose I might as well, said

Mr. Parker. It was the 15 day of in the afternoon. I know because Police Court, and charged with for a word a monent, and then A BOY'S COMP said-'affalr.' 'I was going up Broadway, and had reach Broome street, when the first peculiar and unwonted thing I observed was a of an omnibus, also going up town. Suddenly I saw an officer, who placed a whistle to his lips and blew a shrill blast: The sound of the whistle seemed to affect the small. to a level with his face, placed his ingly pug nose, and moved his fingers in the air. He accompanied this salute with the remark, 'Blow away, ole Prussian blue.' This seemed to anger the policeman, who did blow away at a tremendous rate.

"It's time ter go ter work; don't yer hear de brass foundry awhistlin'?' screamed the small-boy, derisively.

"The officer mede a dash after him; the small-boy clambered down and a chase ensued. situation of affairs at this point of my story can be more easily comprehended by a reference to this drawing.

Here Mr. Parker executed a few rapid strokes with a piece of chalk tion a slate whereon he had been scoring points in a recent game. ·Here,' said he, 'is the map:'

'Figure A represents the police-

'Figure B is a correct drawing

Figure C is a rough sketch of the small boy.

'Now,' continued Mr. Parker, 'keep your eye on the map and you will understand what I am about to say. A flourished B in his right hand and dashed off in pursuit of C. C ran faster than A, probably spurred to exertion by the fear of B. A swore and C tore along at a great rate. All at once C slipped on X (an unknown quantity-perhaps a banana; perhaps an orange peel). A gained, and B was raised high in air over the devoted head of C, when C arose and ran rapidly

'Well what?' asked Mr. Park-

'Tell us the rest: did he kill the boy? Finish the story.'
That's all, said Mr. Parker, solmnly.—N. Y. World.

150 AT ONE FELL SWOOP.

"I should like 'n oyster," said William Driscoll, a rather welldressed but intoxicated young man last Wednesday evening, as he staggered up to the counter of an oyster-salocn in Seventh avenue. "Sew!" asked Henry Smith, who stood behind the counter ham-

mering the bivalve. "I want mor'n two, you just split 'em open and I'll eat 'em." ling me that dog for coal!"

Accordingly Henry split and
William ate until, with tired arm days, and was found dead on the and perspiring brow, the splitter scales, the animal having taken

"You'll kill yourself!" anid

what I'll do: split away, young fel-"But," said Henry, hesitating

suppose you pay me a dollar on of the stumblingblocks which still account, you know?" William then became angry; he

threw oysteshells at Henry and | led the liberal school of thinkres? kicked up a tremedous row. A policeman was called and the roystering oyster-destroyer was as a lesson, said Mr. Parker with locked up in a cell. In an hour sigh.
'Do tell us the story,' urged Mr. Henry was avenged-William planet.
'Do tell us the story,' urged Mr. howled for a doctor; his supper The did not agree with him.

Yesterday morning he was arrainged before His Honor Justice last June, at exactly 3.15 o'clock | Duffy. in the Jefferson Market I looked my watch just before the | having been drunk and disorderly

A BOY'S COMPOSITION ON GIRLS Girls is a queer kind of varmint. Girls is the only thing that has their own way every time. Girls is several thousand kinds, and sometimes one girl can be like several thousand other girls, if she wants you to do anything. Girls is all alike one way; they are all like cats. If you rub 'em the right way of the hair they'll purr and look sweet at you, but if you rub em the wrong way, or step on their tails, they'll claw you. S'long as you let a girl have her own way she's nice and sweet; but just cross her, and she'll spit at you worse hor a cat. Girls is all like mules; they're headstrong. If a girl dont want to believe anything. you can't make her. If she knows it so she won't say so. Girls is like women, if they re good; and if they ain't good then nor when they get big, they're she devils.

That's what father said mamma was once, when she fixed a hot flat-iron in the chair so he'd set down on it, cause she was mad at him. Brother Joe says he don't like big girls, but he does like little ones; and when I saw him kissing Jennie Jones last Sunday, and told him what he'd said, he said be was biting her 'cause he didn't like her. I think he hurt her, for she hollered and run; and there was a big red spot over both of her cheeks. This is all I know about girls, and father says the less I know about 'em the better

off I am. DECORATION-DAY orators charge

subsequent Inch ..... 6.60 find the rate for shorter time first he rate for one year, then 60 per cent will be the rate per cent two month one month two weeks one week

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Legislature and County

A DOG THAT DIDN'T LIVE IN

A well known Memphis coals dealer, not long since, had a big dog of wonderful sagacity. He (the dog) stayed around the foal yard, and whenever a coal carf was hauled on the scales the dog always took a stand under the wagon like a coash-dog. He weighed nealy one hundred pounds and was weighed as coal thousands of times and every coal consumer in the city purchased that dog at

so much per barrel. The practice went on for months, and was only discovered by a fun barrel of coal, and wheeled a hand 'Well?' said Mr. Johnson, ex. | cart with coal on the weighing at the scales, and balload through the window:

"Take out a lot of that coal." The negro did so, and kept on until all the coal was out of the

The clerk took the scales again but the pea indicated too much. "Take out more cosl," shouted the clerk; 'd-n it, you have a boat load of coal on that cart!"

"Look hyar boss." replyed the negro, "the coal is all out, and I'll have to take the wheels off the cart if you want to lighten it."

Then the negro looked under the cart, and seeing the big fat dog at his post, exclaimed; "Lord God, massa, you'se sel-

meiancholy upon on his usually laid down his weapon at the one some poison accidentally, but he placed brow. At last he turned to hundred and fitieth oysters and came back to die at his post. It

"Certainly take the rest; that's OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES AS A THEOLOGIAN.

May 1, without committing any one but myself, enumerate a few stand in the way of some who have many sympathics with what is cal-

The notion that man is responsible for the fact of suffering and death, whereas both existed long before his appearance en our

The notion of sin as a transferable object. As philanthropy has riddled us of chattle slavery, so philosophy must rid us of chattle sin and its logical consequenceese.

The notion that what we all sin is anything else than inevitable unless the Deity bas seen fit to give ever human being a perfect nature and develop it by a perfect education,

The oversight of the fact that all moral relations between man and his Maker are reciprocal, and must meet the approval of man's. enlightened conscience before he can render true and heartfelt homage to the power that ealled him into being. And is not the greatest obligation to all eternity on the side of the greatest wisdom and the greatest power?

The notion that the Father of mankind is subject to the absolute. control of a certain malignant entity known under the false name. of justice, or subject to any law such as would have made the father of the prodigal son meet him with an account book, and pack him off to jail instead of welcoms ing him back and treating him to the fatted calf.

The notion that useless suffering is in any sense a satisfaction for sin, and not simply an evil added to a previous one.

Putt 'em back, girls, pull 'em back. Dress thin, go slow, look pretty and keep cool this hot weather.

I wished I was a girl,
I'd wear a pull-back, too,
And while the weather's hot, I'd dress like you girls do; I'd wear my dresses tight, And make the fellows grin. As I would pass them by And hear 'em say, "Too thin!"

— Courier-Journal.

THEY have given a Bible name-Nicodemus-to a Kansas poste

